

Independence Number.



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

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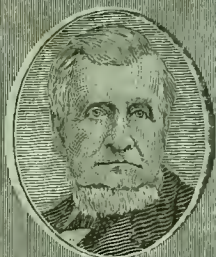
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EDITOR.
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

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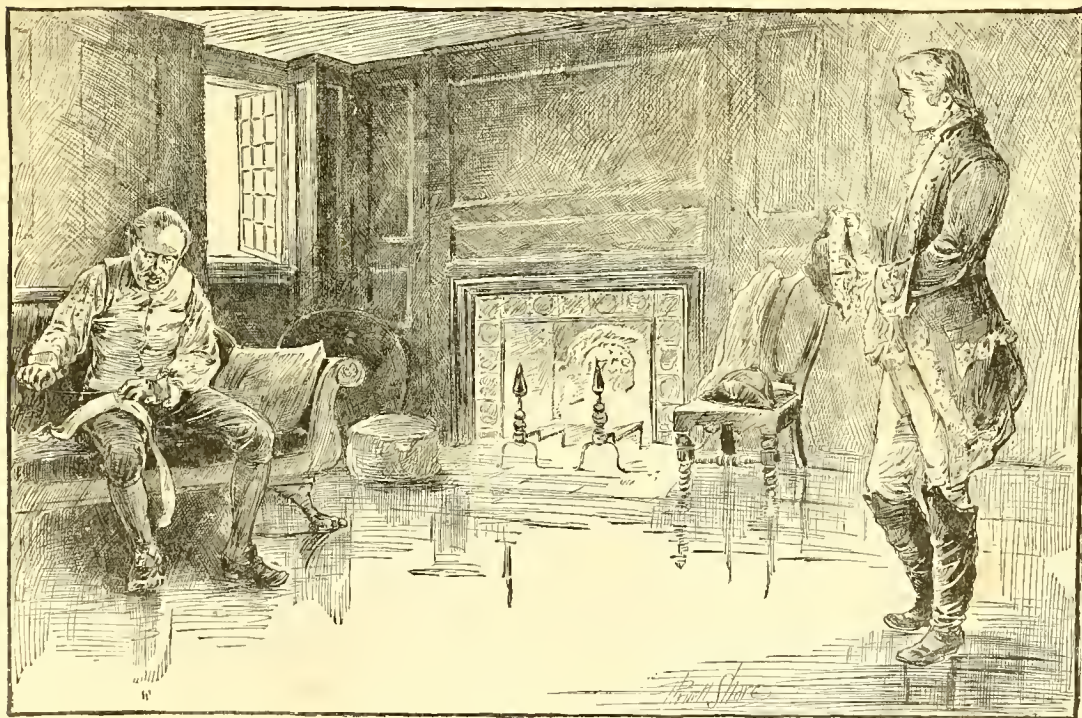
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TWO REVOLUTIONARY GENERALS.

“WORDS cannot express the gladness discovered by everyone at the appearance of a door being opened to avenge the many abuses and insults which those foes

country of the yoke of tyranny, which our forefathers have not borne, neither will we; and we much desire you to keep a strict guard over the remainder of your powder, for that must be the great means, under God, of the salvation of our country.”



GENERAL PUTNAM'S HEADQUARTERS.

to liberty have offered to our brethren in your town and province. But for counter intelligence, we should have had forty thousand men, well equipped and ready to march this morning. Send a written express when you have occasion for our martial assistance; we shall attend your summons, and shall glory in having a share in the honor of ridding our

These were the sentiments of the “old hero” Israel Putnam and his committee in behalf of the people of Connecticut, in September, 1774, when they were informed of the seizure by the British of the powder belonging to the citizens of Massachusetts. When this news reached Putnam at his home it was coupled with the statement that the

English troops and the men-of-war had fired upon the patriots and six men were shot. Dispatching the report in every direction, he summoned the militia to arms, and only the message from Boston, which partly contradicted the first report, and the statement that at present no offensive movement was to be made, deterred thousands of volunteers from instantly commencing hostilities.

Trying times were those to the poor colonists of America. The parent government had inflicted repeated injuries upon the struggling patriots until all the love and fidelity of their hearts for England were turned into distrust and hatred. Men who had nobly fought for British supremacy in America against every savage or civilized foe, became the unyielding opposers to the wrongs which were perpetrated, and threats of dire punishment for their "rebellion" only served to unite them more firmly together, and to strike deep into their unselfish hearts the determination to succeed or die in their endeavors to break the fetters of tyranny.

Among these heroes who became the Revolutionary leaders, none was more devoted to freedom's cause, more brave or generous than Israel Putnam. The love of peaceful pursuits was no less a prominent characteristic of his artless nature than it was of those noble men who were his associates in the great struggle for independence. But when tyrants sought to usurp authority and bring into bondage their fellow-men, no one was more ready to seize the sword to bring relief to the oppressed.

In the battles of England with France in America (1756-60) his abilities were recognized, and he was commissioned a major. His courage had been tested before the walls of Havana, far up the lakes against Pontiac, as a pioneer to the southern banks of the Mississippi, as an officer in the service near Lake George and Ticonderoga, in the retreat from which latter place, caused by the cowardice of the British commander Abercrombie, he and twelve or fourteen companions were captured while nobly fighting the Indians who

were in ambush. His friends were tomahawked and he was already bound to a tree and a crackling fire was started at his feet when discovered and rescued by a brave French officer, and was subsequently exchanged.

Cowardice was foreign to his nature, and his brave heart was full of love for the patriots. When the people of Boston were suffering from the wrongs of British oppression, he drove before him for their succor one hundred and thirty sheep as a gift from Brooklyn parish. Mingling with the officers on Boston common he was bantered about having come down to fight. "Twenty ships of the line and twenty regiments," tauntingly said Major Small, "may be expected from England in case a submission is not speedily made by Boston."

"If they come," replied Putnam, "I am ready to treat them as enemies."

Such was the veteran Putnam, and when the news of the battle of Lexington, April 19th, 1775, reached him at his home in Connecticut the next day he instantly left his men whom he was helping, in leather frock and apron, to build a stone wall on his farm, and set out to rouse the militia officers of the neighboring towns. On his return he found hundreds assembled who had chosen him as leader, and giving orders for them to follow, he started for Cambridge, Massachusetts, without changing the check shirt he had worn in the field. By sunrise the next morning he reached his destination, having ridden the same horse a hundred miles within eighteen hours.

On the day that the battle of Bunker Hill was fought the Continental Congress elected four major-generals for the army. Of these Israel Putnam was one. He was already famous for deeds of personal valor and his integrity in the cause could never be questioned, yet he was too old, he being then fifty-seven, for the severe and exacting labors of the high position to which he was called.

Our illustration represents the head-quarters of General Putnam on Long Island. He,

like other patriots, had no well-filled coffers from which to draw, but was often compelled to resort to curious means in order to procure the bare necessities of life. The repairing of his clothes fell almost as often to his lot as the directing of regiments, and in both occupations he tried to do his best.

The defense of Long Island had been entrusted to General Greene, who was, however, taken suddenly ill after the landing of the British at that place, and the command was transferred to General Sullivan. Shortly after-

As Washington made his retreat through New Jersey, it was of the utmost importance that Philadelphia should be defended against the British, and to Putnam was assigned this hazardous undertaking. Threatened by traitors within and menaced by foes without, this duty was one of no minor importance, but his strict watchfulness gave him success until relieved to go to Princeton, where with a few hundred soldiers he made such a display as to deceive the British, who were encamped only a few miles distant, as to the real strength of



SIR HENRY CLINTON GOING TO THE BATTLE. BURNING OF CHARLESTOWN.

wards Putnam was called to the chief command, and through ignorance of the fortifications, positions and roads the Americans were routed, the result of which defeat was the evacuation to the enemy of Brooklyn and New York. This sad event caused much distress in the continental army, many of the soldiers and officers of which seemed by this disaster to lose all hope of success in the great struggle.

his force, and he thus maintained his precarious position until relief was given him.

During the remainder of the war he showed that zeal and energy which was exhibited by so many of the revolutionary patriots, and though he was not free from mistakes, he ever manifested the most unselfish devotion to the cause of freedom. Brave almost to rashness he never flinched any duty, however hazardous, in those trying times when it seemed

as though even the stoutest heart must quail.

While superintending the new works in the Highlands of New York he was attacked with paralysis, which affected one side. From this affliction he never recovered. He died on May 19th, 1790.

Our next scene is the burning of Charlestown, which occurred at the memorable battle of Bunker Hill, and the embarking of Sir Henry Clinton to serve as a volunteer under General Howe in the attack on the American fortifications.

After the trouble had commenced between Great Britain and the American colonies, Generals Howe, Clinton and Burgoyne were sent to the scene of strife. These officers had no expectation of becoming engaged in war when they left England, but thought to find all difficulties settled on their arrival in the new world, and considered their voyage across the ocean a little pleasure trip.

Seeing, however, the aspect of affairs in this country they knew no alternative but to do their utmost to check the growing spirit, and they accordingly united with General Gage in such measures as it was thought would quell the "rebellion." Their ideas were, nevertheless greatly at fault. The patriots had banded together with a determined purpose, and in its accomplishment no single disaster could discourage them.

The battle of Bunker Hill gave the British officers and men no room to doubt as to the intentions of the colonists. The night preceeding this battle was employed by the Americans in forming intrenchments, a labor which was performed in such silence that they remained undiscovered in their labors though they were able to hear the enemy's cry of "All's well," from the shipping at the foot of the hill. By four o'clock in the morning a six foot redoubt had been raised, and the noble men then threw aside the pick and shovel to seize the gun with which to repel the contemplated attack of the foe. The Americans now occupied Charlestown, a place situated on a small peninsula opposite the

north part of Boston, which latter city was in the possession of the English, and the heights which overlooked it.

These positions were a menace to Boston, and at a council of the officers, it was determined by the British to dislodge the "rebels." The noble Prescott who was in command of the Americans, had constantly by word and example encouraged his soldiers. He once sprang upon the wall which was being built and leisurely walked along in full view of the enemy in order to inspire faith and hope in the hearts of his countrymen. While in this latter position he was seen by General Gage who inquired of Willard, Prescott's brother-in-law, who stood near him, he being an opposer of the cause of freedom, who it was that was so careless of his safety.

The reply was, "That is Colonel Prescott."

"Will he fight?" inquired Gage.

"Yes, sir," was the answer, "he is an old soldier, and will fight as long as a drop of blood remains in his veins."

And he did fight, as did also those noble men who were with him. At his command the soldiers reserved their fire until the approaching enemy were so near that the white of their eyes could be seen and "then," said Prescott, "aim at their waistbands, and be sure to pick off the commanders, known by their handsome coats." At Prescott's command to fire, scores of British veterans fell to earth dead or wounded, and the retreat of the attacking party was thus made necessary. The broken ranks were refilled and again the advance was ordered. Another volley shattered the stately ranks and only upon the failure of ammunition among the Americans was a retreat ordered by the gallant Prescott, and he and the martyr Warren were the last to leave the redoubt.

In the meantime a "carcass," a hollow case made of ribs of iron filled with combustible material, was fired from a mortar into Charlestown, and the houses being mostly frame, they were quickly in flames. Under cover of the smoke from the burning village the British hoped to scale the heights and

attack the Americans before they were aware of their approach; but this failed as a gentle breeze carried the smoke out to sea, and gave the colonists an unobstructed view of the advancing columns.

General Clinton who had seen his countrymen repulsed a second time by the raw continental soldiers, immediately called together a few soldiers and crossed the narrow neck of water which separated him from the main body of the army, and joined the disheartened troops as a volunteer.

All the efforts, however, of the parent government to subdue the colonies were futile. Her best officers met chagrin and defeat on every hand. Her veteran armies had to yield to the superior determination and courage of the unskilled provincials. The rich coffers of Great Britain could not supply a sufficient foreign force to successfully cope with the poverty-stricken, ill-fed troops of the continental army. In fact, nothing could overcome the patriots in the fight for freedom, because the Lord of Hosts was on their side and He had decreed that this land should be the home of a free people, a place of refuge for the oppressed of all nations. We who now enjoy the sweets of liberty should be equally zealous with the Revolutionary fathers in sustaining the principles of freedom and the equal rights of men.

A MARVELOUS FACULTY.

THERE occurred in New York a short time since the death of a most remarkable man, one who for years not only aroused the wonderment of New York's critical assemblages, but astonished people of all races and colors wherever he went, and he has more than once circumnavigated the globe. This personage was Washington I. Bishop, the noted mind reader, who was born in Boston forty-one years ago. Not till within ten years have his phenomenal powers become known, the first event of importance being his ex-

posure in England of a notorious and dishonest Spiritualist. Frequently thereafter he was called to reveal the frauds of such as pretended to have communication and association with the inhabitants of the spirit world.

Two instances of his remarkable powers are related as follows:

"One of his neatest experiments was in a performance in London, at which was present an old gentleman of high social standing, but a defiant scoffer at the possibility of any one being able to tell what was impressed on his mind. Bishop was particularly desirous to experiment on the aged doubter, and accordingly the mind reader requested the old gentleman to take a card and pencil from his own pocket, go to any corner of the room, write anything he wished, be certain that his writing was seen by no one, and to return the same to his own pocket. It is asserted positively by those present that no human eye saw what the old gentleman wrote, and that the card never left the latter's possession. Bishop was blindfolded. He cautioned the old gentleman to think intently of what he had written. Then his hands were waved above his subject's head, and after a few minutes he blurted out, "God save the Queen." The old gentleman's mouth fell open, and when he produced the card those four words were written upon it."

Another of Bishop's remarkable feats, performed only a few hours before his death, is thus described by an eye witness: "Bishop left the room, and during his absence one of the assembled company went through a dumb show of stabbing with a paper knife a friend who sat near by. The knife was hidden in an out of the way corner beneath a thick rug. Bishop was then led into the room blindfolded. Taking the hand of one of the gentlemen who had witnessed the mock tragedy, he quickly searched out the knife, and as quickly picked out the man who had acted the assassin, and also the pseudo victim, and went through all the original motions."

His tragic death is as strange as has been his mysterious life. He attended by invita-

tion a select gathering of actors and other public characters known as the Lamb's Club. It was a special occasion and Bishop had performed many astonishing feats, but decided on giving an exhibition of a very unique and difficult performance. He requested the club's secretary, a Mr. Green, to think of some word which was to be found either in the record or account books of the association. Mr. Green, unable to satisfy himself at the moment with a word, went down stairs to the office where the books were kept, and turning over the leaves of an old ledger, he found the name of Margaret Tounsand. Fixing upon the latter part of the name, the secretary took a note of the page on which it occurred, and hiding the book returned to the company.

Bishop was then blindfolded, and taking Mr. Green by the hand he led him down stairs, the whole party following, direct to the book, which he seized and commenced to turn the leaves in a rapid manner. Suddenly stopping at a certain page Bishop ran his finger over the page and gradually settled upon the very word selected and in the exact place where the secretary had found it.

Being told of his success Bishop led the way back to the meeting room, he having been during this entire proceeding securely blindfolded. The audience was seated and Bishop requested the secretary to think intently upon the chosen word, and he would take it upon himself to state what it was. The mind reader, apparently only half conscious, then stood in the center of the room for a few moments and said, "I think it is a name." After what seemed an intense mental struggle, he exclaimed in an excited way, "Give me a pencil and paper." Receiving these he instantly wrote the name "Tounsand."

"That is it," said Bishop, and Mr. Green had just nodded to the assembly, when the mind reader stiffened and fell back unconscious. All efforts to revive him were unavailing, and the physicians who were summoned pronounced him dead.

A post mortem examination of his body

was held by physicians without the consent of his relatives, who now affirm that his apparently lifeless body was only in a trance, a condition in which he had been on several previous occasions, and that his death was produced by the use of the surgeon's knife in the autopsy. It is affirmed that he carried continually in his pocket a warning to any who might find his body to refrain from packing it in ice or from making any incision whatever on his person. The object of the doctors' investigations was to ascertain the peculiar organization of this phenomenal man, but their almost criminal impropriety is liable to bring upon them unqualified censure, if, indeed, no worse punishment is inflicted.

A satisfactory explanation of the marvelous powers of Washington I. Bishop has not yet been found, but whatever the source of his gift he will ever be regarded as one of the wonders of the age. *H. A. C.*

WONDERS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

BY A microscopic examination of the retina and optic nerve of the brain, M. Bauer has found them to consist of globules of $\frac{1}{2800}$ th to $\frac{1}{2000}$ th of an inch diameter, united by a transparent fluid. The achromatic microscope shows the hair to be indented with teeth resembling those of a coarse round rasp, but extremely irregular and rugged. And these incline all in one direction, from the origin of the hair towards its extremity; so that if a hair be drawn between the finger and thumb from the end to the root, it will be distinctly felt to give a greater resistance and a different sensation to that which is experienced when drawn the opposite way. By the aid of the microscope, shells can be measured to the thousandth part of an inch. Crystals can be obtained from an imponderable quantity of a substance, and those characteristic that poisons can be thus detected when the substance for examination is too small to be submitted to tests. Sir David Brewster has detected,

with a microscope, a fine down of quartz the filaments of which could not exceed the *one-third of a millionth part of an inch*. Professor Kelland has shown in Paris, on a spot no larger than the head of a small pin, by means of powerful microscopes, a specimen of distinct and beautiful writing, containing the whole of the Lord's Prayer written within this minute compass. The microscope detects the invisible ingredients which adulterate our food, our drink, and our medicines. It tells the murderer that the blood which stains him is that of his brother, and not of the other life which he pretends to have taken; and, as a witness against the criminal, it, on one occasion, appealed to the very sand on which he trod at midnight. Hundreds of adulterations have been discovered, the detection of which was beyond the power of chemistry. Three distinguished chemists are known to have asserted it was impossible to detect the presence of chicory in coffee; whereas by the use of the microscope, the differences of structure in the two substances can be promptly discerned, no matter to what extent they may be pulverized, mixed, or even roasted. Professor Sorby's microscope detects the most minute stains; even of the millionth part of a grain we can have the most perfect view. And by the microscope it has been found that in certain Bohemian schists there are fifty-one millions of animalcules to the cubic inch, each skeleton weighing no more than the two hundred millionth part of a grain.

In 1864, an eminent microscopist expressed his conviction that in the production of object-glasses with one-twenty-fifth of an inch focus, the microscope had reached its utmost attainable limit of perfection. He added that "it appears impossible to separate or define lines more numerous than 90,000 in an inch, on account either of the decomposition of light, or some other cause. It, therefore, seems beyond our power ever to discover more of the ultimate composition of bodies by means of the microscope." Yet, an object-glass, with a one-fiftieth of an inch focus, has since been made by Powell and

Lealand. This object-glass possesses *double* the power of the above, and defines with wonderful distinctness particles which the latter cannot render visible at all. It magnifies 3,000 diameters with the low eye-piece; or with a No. 5 eye-piece, 15,000 diameters—that is to say, in popular parlance, 1,575,000,000 of times. It must immensely increase our knowledge of the lower organisms, and may even aid our researches into the ultimate constitution of matter.

GOOD-BY, GOD BLESS YOU.

I LIKE the Anglo-Saxon speech
 With its direct revealings:
 It takes a hold and seems to reach
 Far down into your feelings;
 That some folk deem it rude, I know,
 And therefore they abuse it;
 But I have never found it so,
 Before all else I choose it.
 I don't object that men should air
 The Gallic they have paid for,
 With "*au revoir*," "*adieu, ma chere*,"
 For that's what French was made for.
 But when a crony takes your hand
 At parting to address you,
 He drops all foreign lingo, and
 He says: "*Good-by, God bless you!*"

This seems to me a sacred phrase
 With reverence impassioned;
 A thing come down from righteous days,
 Quaintly, but nobly fashioned.
 It well becomes an honest face,
 A voice that's round and cheerful;
 It stays the sturdy in his place,
 And soothes the weak and fearful;
 Into the porches of the ears
 It steals with subtle unction,
 And in your heart of hearts appears
 To work its gracious function:
 And all day long with pleasing song
 It lingers to caress you.
 I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
 That's told "*Good-by, God bless you!*"

I love the words, perhaps because
 When I was leaving mother,
 Standing at last in solemn pause
 We *looked* at one another,
 And I,—I saw in mother's eyes
 The love she could not tell me,

A love eternal as the skies,
 What ever fate befell me.
 She put her arms about my neck,
 And soothed the pain of leaving,
 And, though her heart was like to break,
 She spoke no word of grieving;
 She let no tear bedim her eye,
 For fear that might distress me,
 But, kissing me, she said "good-by,"
And asked our God to bless me.

Eugene Field.

MISSIONARY OBSERVATIONS.

The Rigdon-Bickerton Faction.

PROMINENT among claimants for Church leadership when the Prophet Joseph was taken from the Saints by the cruel hand of martyrdom, stood Sidney Rigdon, the Prophet's first counselor in the First Presidency. He had been known for some time among the Apostles to be at heart recreant to the cause of God; but among the people who had been so often electrified by his marvelous gift of oratory, much sympathy was felt for him. On a previous occasion the Prophet had told the people he could no longer sustain Rigdon as his counselor, but the pleading of undue sympathy prevailed which drew from Joseph's lips the significant remark: "I have thrown him off my shoulders and you have placed him back again."

At this early period of Church history the Saints lacked the knowledge they now have regarding the orders of the Priesthood; therefore the Lord gave them abundant and unstinted evidence designating the personnel of the men who were the appointees of heaven. The prophet had said that where he (Joseph) was not "there is no First Presidency over the Twelve." Also in the presence of assembled thousands he declared that he rolled the burden of the keys of the kingdom, which involved the varied duties of gathering Israel, building temples, etc., upon the shoulders of the Twelve Apostles, adding, impressively, "I am going to rest."

Unto these plain declarations of the Prophet of God were more testimonies added, even the direct manifestation of the power of God resting upon President Brigham Young, wherein his voice and entire visage seemed transformed into that of Joseph when in the assembly of the Saints Rigdon was urging his claims for leadership. Of this glorious testimony there are still hundreds of living witnesses.

That a man who had enjoyed such divine favors as had Sidney Rigdon, should afterwards reject and fight against such testimonies almost surpasses human credulity. He had conversed with immortal beings in heavenly vision, he had beheld the glories of the celestial, terrestrial and telestial worlds, had gazed into the pit of perdition and seen the doom of its sons. Nay, he had been shown with a perfect understanding the different paths in life which would produce these various results. But the light within him had become darkness and his subsequent career proved "how great is that darkness."

Light forsaken, darkness ensues proportioned in density to the measure of light once enjoyed. Paul says, "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost." But in order to retain the germs of progressive faith even after this knowledge is given us we must abide its teachings. Hence the Apostle John tells us, "Hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments. He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar and the truth is not in him."

Many were the admonitions given of the Lord to the Church generally and to prominent individuals in particular that they must change their course in life or Satan would "sift them as chaff." Most emphatically did He enjoin upon them the necessity of the strictest chastity. He promised that all adulterers should be made known and that all such should "deny the faith and shall fear."

The apostasy of Rigdon is one of many instances of the fulfillment of this prophecy.

He was a well-known adulterer when he was severed from the Church in 1845.

The rehearsal of these facts may seem superfluous. But the examination of historical facts leads the inquiring mind to the causes that produced them. A faction of considerable dimensions grew out of Rigdon's subsequent tuition, and the observations of the writer has shown him that the poison inculcated into the parasitical growth of that body dates its origin from the moment of its spurious conception. If the fruit of a tree is worthless it may be known at once that the branch on which it grew is impure, but the student of horticulture may profit by a close inspection of the nature of the canker-worm that has sapped its life's growth.

After his excommunication Rigdon organized a church with twelve apostles and other officers. He went to Pittsburg where he had spent much time before the Prophet's death, and in that neighborhood found quite a number of adherents. Among their early conversions was one William Bickerton, who it seems received the Book of Mormon and the first principles of the gospel and became their champion with a good deal of enthusiasm. He was an Englishman and of the Methodist persuasion. Being fluent in speech and a good singer he united the force acquired through the understanding given him of the scriptures by the Voice of Warning and other books circulated by Rigdon, with the two chief features of Methodism—singing and shouting—and soon enjoyed the distinction of being the most successful propagandist of his creed.

He says that Rigdon's conduct soon became so shameful, and his loose immorality so manifest, that he dissolved all connection with him and stood by himself. Hearing also that Rigdon had been cut off, and wishing to be identified with the true body of the Church, he sent to Council Bluffs and was shortly visited by two Elders named Ross and Murray, under whose hands he (Bickerton) and all his followers were rebaptized.

This is the testimony of many members of

this peculiar sect, though President William M. Palmer says that no clue can be found on the Church records of any such missionary work being done by Elders of the name of Ross and Murray. The evidence, however, seems indisputable that they did receive baptism under true authority. In September, 1851, only a few months after the visit of the two Elders from Council Bluffs at a conference held at West Elizabeth, Alleghany County, Pennsylvania, William Bickerton moved to sustain Brigham Young, his counselors and the Twelve Apostles as the presiding authorities of the Church. It was carried unanimously.

Soon after this the principle of plural marriage was openly announced as a doctrine of the Church. Apostle Orson Pratt proclaimed and defended it in the columns of *The Seer*, published in Washington, D. C., in 1852. This Bickerton and nearly all the branch rejected. There were a few worthy exceptions, among them, Bickerton's wife, who used all her influence against apostasy.

At a conference in the spring of 1852, Bickerton and his followers formally withdrew from the Church. The following is a copy of the proceedings as taken from their record, leaving out bad spelling:

"We, the undersigned, have left off all connection whatever with Brigham Young and the Twelve, whose head-quarters or home is in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, because of adultery and general wickedness. Elders present: William Bickerton, Charles Brown, Thomas Bickerton, Jacob Stranger."

This was also done at West Elizabeth, a town twenty-two miles above Pittsburg, on the Monongahela river, and noted for being the early home of that eminent American politician, James G. Blaine.

For years after this Bickerton and his followers continued to preach and baptize in an unorganized and desultory manner. The smallest grain of reason or consistency should have taught them that if the Church had gone astray and were without authority, they themselves were equally destitute of that

essential ingredient, without which it is sheer blasphemy to minister in gospel ordinances; and on the other hand, if the Church had authority they were disconnected therefrom by apostasy. In either case they would be totally destitute of divine authority. In this condition they were visited by a traveling Elder named Woolley. (I could not ascertain his first name, but believe it to be Samuel Woolley, brother of the late Bishop E. D. Woolley, of Salt Lake City.) This Elder in the exercise of the rights and privileges of his office and calling, excommunicated William Bickerton from the Church. This was in 1857. Still he continued preaching and baptizing until 1862, when he and his followers had succeeded in building a small church or meeting-house at Green Oak, not far from West Elizabeth, when Bickerton summoned them all to meet in general conference. He ordained to himself two counselors, also twelve apostles, and they in turn ordained Bickerton to be president of the church.

The Savior says "a stream cannot rise above its fountain." In this case, however, the stream not only rose above its source, but afterwards drew the fountain up to its own level.

At this conference Bickerton predicted in the most positive and extravagant language that the work they had there done would form a nucleus for the final consummation of all things. That the meeting-house they had built should stand until the second coming of Christ, and from it should the gospel be carried to the ends of the earth. A few weeks later this pretentious edifice took fire and was burned to ashes.

This caused such general demoralization in his flock that many began to inquire into the nature of his authority. George Barnes, one of Bickerton's counselors, questioned his right to assume the prerogatives of the Apostleship, as he had never previously claimed any office except that of an Elder. Failing to reconcile differences, Bickerton severed Barnes from his church, but lost thereby the best part of his following. In 1874, Bickerton having

been involved in several social scandals which caused the disruption of his own and another man's family, removed to Kansas and finally settled at St. Johns. The repeated prophetic declarations of scripture regarding the gathering of Israel in the last days to "the tops of the mountains" led him to imagine he could forge a successful counterfeit to the genuine coin. It has proved to be a very feeble imitation. Only a very few would accompany him, and those who refused to do so he peremptorily excommunicated in a body from his church.

Those who still remained in western Pennsylvania and in northern West Virginia were divided into several factions, the more conservative and less quarrelsome portion acknowledged George Barnes as their leader. He was a man of deep thought, having a remarkably tenacious memory, and altogether a man of more than ordinary ability. He exercised a good influence over his followers, advocated pacific feelings towards the people of Utah, and on one occasion in a public meeting moved that the book of Doctrine and Covenants be accepted as their guide and rule of faith on an equality with the Bible and Book of Mormon. Hitherto this erratic people, while they received the ancient record brought forth through the instrumentality of the great modern Prophet, rejected the word of God given direct through him for the guidance of the church in this age. It seems a singular but not at all an infrequent freak of unbelieving humanity to receive the testimony which announces and prefaces a prophet's mission and then reject the prophet himself. The reason of this is obvious. The living word of God given through living oracles enjoins upon us living duties and inveighs against living wrongs. But to return. The motion of Mr. Barnes was carried unanimously, and thus paved the way to the final opening for the messengers bearing the fullness of the gospel.

In 1885 Messrs John E. Baxendell and Charles Price residing at Coal Valley (a coal mining district on the Monongahela River

eighteen miles above Pittsburg) in correspondence with friends and relatives in Utah manifested a strong desire to see some of the Elders of "the old church" as they term our people. Mr. Baxendell's letter bearing this request was sent to President John Taylor who forwarded it to Elder William M. Palmer, president of the North Western States Mission, with instructions to send Elders to them. Elders Victor E. Bean of Richfield and William W. Allen of Nephi traveling Elders in the Indiana conference were sent accordingly, arriving at Coal Valley, December 3d, 1885, and were given a cordial welcome by Mr. Baxendell, Mr. Barnes and some others. They found little difficulty in affecting an opening. Brother Bean was a very gifted Elder in expounding the scriptures and these humble brethren soon convinced the honest seekers for truth, of the wide contrast between the gathering-together tendencies of true divine authority, and the scattering-division-breeding proclivities of Bickertonism. Within a year's time, during which other Elders arrived in the field, over eighty souls were added to the church.

Not long after this Elders were sent to Kansas and began laboring among Bickerton's followers at St. Johns. Elders D. E. Harris and Heber Bennion to whom I am indebted for much information regarding this people's history, relate some amusing incidents brought to light in their contact with Mr. Bickerton. With his few remaining followers he erected a small frame church at St. Johns, and again called them together to hold appropriate dedicatory services. In his opening speech Mr. Bickerton uttered most positive and unqualified predictions regarding the future of that house, that it should remain in its place as built by divine appointment, *and never be moved from its foundation* until the coming of Christ, and from it the gospel should roll forth until it should fill the earth, etc. The members present being too reserved and conservative in their utterances to suit their chief, (probably they remembered past errors which he had evidently forgotten) he again arose, and

in a fierce inflammatory speech declared that there was not one of them but knew that this house was built by God's own appointment, and that the prophecies that he uttered concerning it were true. By dint of threats and persuasion, nearly all of the two or three dozen persons present bore testimony to Mr. Bickerton's extravagant predictions. A week's time sufficed to show that the power which inspired these utterances was not in harmony with the power that controls the elements and rules the forces of nature. Within that time a strong gale, so common on the prairies of Kansas, lifted the house from its foundation and removed it far enough to destroy all of Mr. Bickerton's claims to the prophetic gift. He soon after became involved in a law-suit, and the house on which so many prophecies were based was sold to cover expenses and removed to another part of the town, ostensibly for a drug store, but in reality a dram shop, a species of hypocrisy common in prohibition Kansas.

In Elder Bennion's missionary work at St. Johns, he showed clearly the baselessness of Wm. Bickerton's claim to the possession of any portion of the divine authority conferred by heavenly messengers on Joseph Smith. At a meeting in which Mr. Bickerton was present, Elder Bennion reviewed the former's record from the time of his conversion by Rigdon until the present, showing in unmistakable terms the total departure of that entire faction from the doctrinal tenets as well as the church organization established under the instrumentality of the Prophet Joseph. Mr. Bickerton was very violent in his denunciation of Elder Bennion, the latter describes him as literally foaming at the mouth and at one time he thought he intended making an assault on him, but he managed to satisfy himself with a volley of imprecations. Yet his own admissions in answer to Elder Bennion's pointed questions proved the latter's position to be correct and the meeting resulted in good, as a few were soon added to the Church, and the branch has continued to grow, leaving Mr. Bickerton almost alone.

Mr. Bickerton stated at this meeting that when he was excommunicated from the Church by Elder Woolley in 1857 he was cursed by that Elder in his laying down and in his rising up. That he should be deserted by those who followed him and despised by those who flattered him. Elder Bennion then invited all present to compare these predictions with Mr. Bickerton's subsequent history. It truly furnishes a striking fulfillment. This once gifted leader of a church of some 2000 adherents has not in his present following sufficient to supply the leading quorums with their requisite members. He has one counselor and his quorum of twelve has but one member. His family have deserted him and he is reduced to the direct extremity of doing his own cooking and housework.

In the fulfillment of Elder Woolley's prediction is also fulfilled the solemn warning the Lord gives to all the world in Sec. 1. Doc. and Cov. 8, 9:

And verily, I say unto you, that they who go forth, bearing these tidings unto the inhabitants of the earth, to them is power given to seal both on earth and in heaven, the unbelieving and rebellious;

Yea, verily, to seal them up unto the day when the wrath of God shall be poured out upon the wicked without measure.

Elder Woolley was one of those messengers "who go forth bearing these tidings unto the inhabitants of the earth." Jesus says, "whatsoever ye do unto the least of these ye do even so unto me." In rejecting Elder Woolley, Bickerton rejected Him who sent him. This was the great opportunity of his life, for though he had acted hastily in rejecting a principle he had never fully examined and understood, and thereby placed himself under condemnation when the authorized servant of God came to him he had ample opportunity to repent, and reconsider his ill-advised course. He however hardened his heart and choose the opposite road. He confessed to Elder Bennion that at one time he was so undecided that the weight of a hair would have turned his course to cause him to emigrate to Utah and identify himself with the true body of the Church; and said he be-

lieved had he known the Church leaders instead of hearing of their characters through Rigdon and other apostates he would have acted differently.

Many incidents might be related showing the eccentricities of this peculiar people, and many are the lessons which might be deduced therefrom, but the great testimony it brings to mankind may be summarized in few words.

The establishment of the Kingdom of God through the Prophet Joseph is so exactly in fulfillment of ancient prophecies as to elicit the wonder of the most ardent skeptic who examines them. The speedy and exact fulfillment of many of his prophecies are often spoken as remarkable coincidences, and admissions are made that he was a person of wonderful foresight. The continuous, and often ridiculous failures of persons far more learned than he to harmonize their doctrines with Holy Writ, and conform their predictions to the actual events of futurity; emphasize the rapidly accumulating mass of evidence to the fact that the great Seer who gave to the world through the providence of God, the Book of Mormon, was animated by the same Spirit under which the Holy Scriptures were written and enjoyed communication with the Omnipotence which controls the eternal destiny of the spheres.

S. F. D.

NARROW STREETS.

IN AMERICAN cities, especially in the newer ones, the streets are generally broad, having a wide roadway, and convenient sidewalks. In Boston, and some of the older cities, millions of dollars have been spent to widen streets originally narrow. Modern habits of business require ample space for the moving of goods and merchandise.

But in the East, the habits of the people are different, and the streets are made on a plan wholly unlike those of our own cities. There are no sidewalks, and foot-passengers

must jog on by the side of beasts of burden, as best they may. In some large Oriental cities, an American wonders how business can be done, or goods transported, for the streets seem too narrow to admit any vehicle or large animals.

A traveler in India expresses his astonishment in visiting Benares, one of the ancient and populous cities of that country. In looking down on it from an eminence, it seems to be a solid mass of houses, without any intersecting streets. On entering it, the streets are found to be only four feet wide, with houses on either side four and five stories high. Dwellings so crowded together must be dark and unhealthy, one would think, and a fire breaking out could hardly be extinguished until it had destroyed much property.

A POINT OF ETIQUETTE.

AN AMUSING farce, illustrating the absurdity of the so-called code of honor, was once played in the War Office at Washington. The scene opened at the beginning of the war of 1812, and the players were Dr. Eustis, Secretary of War, and General Hampton, a distinguished soldier of the Revolution, then commanding the army of the South.

An unpleasant official correspondence between himself and the secretary had irritated Gen. Hampton. Being, however, in Washington, official etiquette made it his duty to call on his superior officer. He went to the War Office, and as soon as his name was announced, the secretary came forward with extended hand to receive him.

The general bowed, and crossed his hands behind him. An official conversation ensued, which soon became a friendly chat. After an hour's interview, the general rose to depart, and extended both hands to the secretary. It was now Dr. Eustis' turn; he bowed, and crossed his hands behind him.

Men of good sense would have said, "The game of quits has ended." Not so did Gen.

Hampton consider it; with him it was just begun. He sent for pistols and two friends. A challenge was conveyed to Dr. Eustis, who accepted and named his friends. Both of the would-be duellists were old men, but both were ready to fight on a point of etiquette, which, if noised abroad, would make them the laughing-stock of the town.

The friends determined to settle the quarrel. They arranged that Gen. Hampton should present himself at the War Office door and be met by Dr. Eustis, with both hands extended, which hands the general should receive in both of his. They might have appropriately added, "and both parties shall refrain from laughing, if they can."

A CAUTIOUS BOARDER.

CHARLES THOMPSON, Secretary to the first American Congress, was noted for his caution. It may be due in part to this trait—one of no mean importance in those stormy days—that he held the office, through successive appointments, during fifteen years. An anecdote exhibits his caution and prudence.

When a young man he boarded with a school teacher and his wife, both noted for their slanderous tongues. For some good cause Thompson wished for a new boarding-house; but he dreaded to leave the teacher's family, fearing lest his character might suffer from their backbiting. He, however, hit upon an ingenious expedient to prevent them from slandering him. One evening he gravely inquired if his conduct as a boarder had been satisfactory to them. "Entirely so," replied both husband and wife.

"Would you be willing to give me a certificate to that effect?" he asked.

"Oh, certainly!" and they wrote one then and there.

The next day Thompson moved to another house. Thanks to his caution, he parted in peace from his host, and they never disturbed it.

For Our Little Folks.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY PUBLISHED IN No. 10, VOL. XXIV.

1. Who called to see Sidney Rigdon the morning after the meeting?

A. Those of the Twelve who were in Nauvoo, and Bishop Whitney.

2. What did he agree to do? A. To meet them in council at Elder John Taylor's after dinner.

3. How did he act and what did he say in this meeting? A. He paced the room, and told them they were "used up and divided; the brethren were voting every way, and the anti-'Mormons' had got them. You lack a great leader and unless you unite upon that you are blown to the four winds and the anti-'Mormons' will carry the election."

4. What effect did these remarks have upon Elder Geo. A. Smith? A. They stirred him up, for he knew them to be incorrect and prompted by a wrong spirit.

5. What did he say regarding the matter? A. "Brethren, Elder Rigdon is entirely mistaken, there is no division; the brethren are united; the election will be unanimous, and the friends of law and order will be elected by a thousand majority. There is no occasion to be alarmed; President Rigdon is inspiring fears there are no grounds for."

6. What did the result prove? A. That Elder Smith was right and Rig-

don was wrong, for the election was one of the most unanimous ever held in Nauvoo.

7. What did Sidney Rigdon say just before he left the council? A. That he did not expect the people to choose a "guardian" on Thursday, but to have a prayer meeting, an interchange of thought and feeling, etc.

8. Did the result show how much confidence could be placed in his word? A. It did; for when the day arrived, his proposition was not to have a prayer meeting, but to select and appoint a "guardian."

THE following are the names of those who correctly answered Questions on Church History published in No. 10: Emma E. Tolman, Henry H. Blood, Heber C. Blood, Samantha Sessions, Annie Sylvia Sessions, James G. West, Julia A. Tolman.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY PUBLISHED IN No. 11, VOL. XXIV.

1. Did the people assemble according to the appointment for a special meeting on August 8th? A. Yes.

2. The wind being unfavorable for speaking from the stand what was prepared for the speakers? A. A wagon was drawn to a position opposite the stand.

3. Who got into this? A. Sidney Rigdon, Wm. Marks, Geo. James and one or two others.

4. Who arose to speak after the meeting was opened? A. Sidney Rigdon.

5. What kind of a speaker was he usually? A. He was a fluent, impassioned speaker, and excelled in oratory.

6. What was the nature of his delivery upon this occasion? A. He was visibly embarrassed, and spoke slowly and in a very labored manner, as a man might be supposed to do who was conscious of the badness of his cause.

7. Did the difficulty which he seemed to have in speaking attract the Saints? A. Yes; they saw nothing in Rigdon or his remarks which gave them evidence that he was the man to lead them; they heard from him no voice or sound that marked him as the true shepherd.

8. Who was next to address the assemblage? A. Brigham Young, who was President of the Twelve Apostles.

9. What effect did the address of Brigham Young have upon the people? A. The impression it made upon them was most wonderful; it was the voice of Joseph; and not only was it the voice of Joseph which was heard; but it seemed in the eyes of the Saints as though it was the very person of Joseph which stood before them.

10. Did not the Lord in this miraculous event give His people a testimony that left no room for doubt as

to who was the man He had chosen to lead them? A. He did.

THE names of those who answered the Questions in No. 11 are as follows: James G. West, H. H. Blood, Heber C. Blood, Emma E. Tolman, Julia A. Tolman, and Annie Sylvia Sessions.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHEN did the Twelve Apostles, through their president, Brigham Young, assert their right to lead the Church? 2. How did Sidney Rigdon act while Brigham Young was delivering his powerful discourse upon the authority of the Twelve Apostles, etc.? 3. What did he do when asked to speak? 4. After all those who had been called upon to speak had finished, what did he say to the people? 5. How did he say they should act with regard to the Twelve? 6. After adding a few more remarks, what question did he put to the Elders and other officers, as quorums? 7. What did Sidney tell him at this point? 8. How did President Young then state the question? 9. How did the Saints vote on this question?

OH, who can stretch himself in ease
Before the world's great stirring deeds,
Why indolently bow.
When heroes, saints and sages all
Do after him unceasing call.
"O idler, where art thou?"

THE TRUE STORY OF HORATIUS.

THE ringing lines of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome* have made Horatius a popular hero wherever the English language is spoken. He is the schoolboy's favorite, and on many a "declamation day" the children hear

the story told
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

Although the rhymes of Macaulay abound in explanation, there are few who know the whole story of this gallant Roman. In 390 B.C., the Gauls burned and sacked the city of Rome, thus destroying the records. On this account the early history of the city and her heroes is brought down to later days by means of fabulous stories. These legends often disagree with one another as to the principal facts. The student of history is left to choose from these and construct for himself the tale which he considers most probable. Some of these traditions are sustained by monuments or other visible signs of an enduring kind. This is the case with the story of Horatius. The "molten image" mentioned in the "lay" was standing, a testimonial to the truth of the story, in the days of Pliny, five hundred years after the "Battle at the Bridge."

This Horatius ("Cocles," or "One-Eyed") belonged to a very famous

family called the Horatii. Among the Romans the last was the "given" name. There are several legends explaining this latter, or distinguishing name. One is that he had had one eye put out in a previous combat. Another, that there was no "bridge of his nose" between his eyes, which made them look like one great long eye. But the former is more likely to have been the case.

Horatius Cocles was a relative of the three Horatii. These brothers were noted for their physical strength and prowess. They were the champions of Rome, during the reign of King Tullus, in a fight with the three Curatii, who appeared for the Romans' enemies. The Horatii and Curatii were so well matched in strength and skill that though the Horatii gained the day only one lived to enjoy the victory. The story goes that the sister of the Horatii was in love with one of these bitter enemies of her brothers. When her surviving brother came home in triumph, she saw the bloody mantle of her lover among the trophies. At sight of this she failed to think of the glory that had come to her family, and even forgot the loss of two brothers. She began to wail and cry. She knew her brothers had killed him. Her grief so enraged this brother that he killed her on the spot. Their own father justified the deed. He said such an undutiful daughter was not fit to live.

He even denied her body the right of burial in the family tomb. The Roman sense of justice was very harsh and stern. Fathers even ordered the death of their own sons whose conduct was contrary to the common sense of right.

The city of Rome was, at the time of the bridge fight—About 500 B. C.—a separate power and at war

with the surrounding cities. These were jealous of her growing power and combined to subdue her. Besides this the people had just dethroned their king, Tarquin the Superb. This king had grown so tyrannical that they could tolerate him no longer. With him the Romans expelled his family including his sons. One of these, the "false Sextus," was especially obnoxious to the people, and

a treacherous crime which he took occasion to commit was the immediate cause of the family's overthrow.

King Tarquin and his sons had taken refuge with the lords of some of the neighboring cities, Lars (or

Lord) Porsena of Clusium was one of these. They tried by combining their forces to gather sufficient strength to subdue Rome and regain the throne. Their movements in the Etruscan towns were so secret that they were almost upon the city before the Romans knew of their designs. The Roman fathers were in a great dilemma. The enemy were

about to come in at the river gate with a great army. Here Horatius Cocles appeared upon the scene. He volunteered to defend the town against the entire host if he had but two men to help him. Herminius and Lar-tius quickly came to the front. Theirs were also honored names in Rome. These, "the dauntless three," withstood the army assembled on the other



HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

side of the Tiber while the Romans tore down the bridge. The bridge was the only one by which the army could reach the city. The Roman men, young and old, nobleman and laborer, fell to work to destroy the bridge. The approach to the bridge was so narrow that but few could

join battle at once. The mighty three thus succeeded in killing all the champions of the invading army that ventured to attack them.

It was not long before they were warned to retreat over the bridge before it should fall crashing into the river. Herminius and Lartius got across in time, but Horatius was left in the face of a disappointed and furious army. Lord Porsena and "false" Sextus ordered him to surrender. He, as if unconscious of their demand, turned his eyes toward his home on Palatine Hill, commended himself to "Father Tiber," and plunged into the river. He was weighted with his armor, and had been wounded in the thigh. The river was swollen and turbulent with recent rains. The army on one side shouted at an attempt so foolhardy. The Romans, men, women and children, were standing breathless on the Roman bank trembling for the result now so well-known to every child.

The Romans were not slow in rewarding this savior of their liberties. Though in the midst of a famine, the people made great sacrifices to pay the quota of grain awarded him by the authorities. He was given as much of the public lands as could be ploughed around in a single day by two strong oxen. Then they erected a statue in the Comitium—the most honored place in the city—on the base of which was engraved in golden letters the story of his great achieve-

ment. This statue was afterwards struck by lightning. Some Etruscan haruspices, jealous of the fame of one who had so signally vanquished them, declared in favor of having it set up again in a less conspicuous place. Their treachery was discovered. The haruspices were put to death and the statue was placed higher than before, where it stood for many centuries. The haruspices were a kind of oracle. It was their office to interpret the will of the gods by inspecting the entrails of the animals sacrificed by the priests. It was called a science, like many others of the time. Their methods were much the same as those employed by the astrologers in foretelling the future by means of certain starry combinations. Of course there was a great deal of trickery and quackery among them as among the famous Greek oracles.

The Etruscans were natives of Etruria of which Clusium was one of the principal cities of that time. They were afterwards called Tuscans. Even after peace was established with Rome and that city was acknowledged mistress of all Italy, these Etruscans were living in secret enmity with their Roman neighbors. It was easy for them to give a judgment that would injure the memory of the hero who had brought so great a defeat upon their countrymen. There was an old Roman maxim which said, "It is not hard to believe what we wish."

The boys of our time who bear the name Horatius, Horatio, or Horace, are living monuments to the memory of this ancient hero.

“DOG TRIP.”

ONE night, when bed-time came, little curly-headed Sam missed his dog.

Inquiry was made; and it was ascertained that he had been absent for several hours, and it was feared that he was stolen.

With a sad heart little Sam said “good-night” to father and mother.

After having on bended knee said “Our Father” and “Now I lay me,” he still remained in the same posture, and soon startled the elder brothers by breaking out in earnestly pathetic voice, “O God! *wiltest* thou send my dog Trip home? Amen.”

Sweet sleep came to the little play-wearied child; and morning found him refreshed, and his bright eyes opened early to greet the coming sunshine.

Rising betimes and opening the yard-door, his lost dog comes bounding in, now capers about him, and now fawns upon him with many demonstrations of joy.

But not more happy was “dog Trip” than was his little master, who, quietly coaxing him into a corner with supper and breakfast all in one, was heard telling him very confidentially,—

“I thought, doggie, you would be at home in the morning; because, Trip, I said my prayers for you last night.”
F.

“TEMPTATIONED.”

LITTLE Herbert had been forbidden to go out of the yard. One day he found the gate open, and after hesitating a few moments, shut and fastened it. At night, thinking no one had seen him, he told of it. “Papa, somebody left that gate wide open today, and it temptationed me to go out into the lot; but I asked the Lord to help me and He did, and I did not go, but just shut the gate up so tight I could not open it again.”

If other children and older persons who are “temptationed” will ask God to help them, and then shut the gate, they will save themselves much trouble.
Y.

THREE KITES.

THREE kites went sailing into the air,
Higher, and higher, and higher;
“Mine is the best,” cried Johnnie Stout,
“And mine the finest flyer.”

“But mine will go,” cried Neddie Day,
“Up to the great church steeple!”

“And mine,” cried tiny Tim, “will rise
Beyond the eyes of people.”

Alas for boys as well as men,
Who set such kites a-flying!
They lodged all three in a high-topped tree,
And the boys went home a-crying.

L. A. L.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 1, 1889.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

The Testimony of the Gospel.



IT IS of the first importance that every one connected with the Church of Christ should receive a testimony concerning the divinity of the Church and of the principles which it teaches. This testimony furnishes a sure foundation for faith, and in the midst of the tempests which afterwards may blow and the afflictions that may come upon the one who receives the testimony, they will be like the house of which the Savior spoke, that was built upon a rock; the storms cannot move it, neither can the floods. It is this testimony that constitutes the strength of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Those who receive it and cherish it are not dependent upon man for their strength or for their knowledge; they do not look to man, neither do they lean upon him for moral support and for deliverance in the hour of trial. Their trust is in God; and if they maintain their union with the Lord, through His Holy Spirit, they continue to grow in everything that is godlike, and they have a firm reliance on God's power and His willingness to save them in the midst of the greatest troubles and difficulties.

We fervently desire the young people who belong to the Church to seek earnestly unto the Lord for themselves. To them we say, do not be satisfied because your fathers and your mothers, your friends and the leading men of your ward or stake say that this is the Church of Christ, and that this is the gospel of life and salvation. Seek to understand for yourselves that this is true. But you may ask, "How shall I know concerning this?

Shall I expect the Lord Himself to come, or His Son Jesus, or send a holy angel to me?" In reply, we say, No; do not look for such things. This is not the Lord's way of dealing with His children. It is true, the Father and the Son and angels visited the Prophet Joseph. This was necessary. He was a chosen instrument to accomplish a great work, and to do this he was visited in this manner, so that through him knowledge that had long been lost might be restored.

It may be asked, "What evidence shall we, then, seek for and obtain?" In reply, we say, the Holy Spirit. This is bestowed upon all who sincerely believe in Jesus, repent of their sins, and go forth in the waters of baptism and are baptized by one having authority. Then they are entitled to the laying on of hands, through which ordinance the Holy Spirit is bestowed.

There are some who are not satisfied because they do not receive some wonderful manifestation from the Lord, and they think that they do not have an evidence that this is the Church of Christ because they do not receive some manifestation of this kind—manifestations which appeal to the outer senses.

But this is not the highest form of testimony. If a boy or a girl should be filled with the Holy Spirit to the enlightening of their minds, to the convincing of their judgments, to the filling of them with peace and joy, they receive a testimony that man cannot give, and their understanding is enlightened in a manner to thoroughly convince them that they have received from God the gift of the Holy Ghost. Miracles may be wrought, apparently, by men who are not servants of God. The eyes, the ears and the touch may all be deceived by skillful deceptions. But not so when the gift of the Holy Ghost descends upon an individual and he feels the power of God resting upon him.

Every boy and girl can obtain this by seeking earnestly for it. They should humble themselves before the Lord, and fast and pray, and ask Him to give them His Holy Spirit.

Do not seek for signs; but seek for knowledge, seek for wisdom, seek for light and intelligence, and in so doing you will please the Lord and you will receive choice blessings from Him. When you receive these blessings you can judge for yourselves concerning the Church and doctrines of Christ. The prophet Mormon's words, as given unto us by his son Moroni, contained in the Book of Mormon, are excellent upon this subject. He says:

Wherefore, all things which are good, cometh of God; and that which is evil, cometh of the devil; for the devil is an enemy unto God, and fighteth against him continually, and inviteth and enticeth to sin, and to do that which is evil continually.

But behold, that which is of God, inviteth and enticeth to do good continually; wherefore, everything which inviteth and enticeth to do good, and to love God, and to serve him, is inspired of God.

Wherefore take heed, my beloved brethren, that ye do not judge that which is evil to be of God, or that which is good and of God, to be of the devil.

For behold, my brethren, it is given unto you to judge, that ye may know good from evil; and the way to judge is as plain, that ye may know with a perfect knowledge, as the day-light is from the dark night.

For behold, the Spirit of Christ is given to every man, that they may know good from evil; wherefore I show unto you the way to judge; for everything which inviteth to do good, and to persuade to believe in Christ, is sent forth by the power and gift of Christ; wherefore ye may know with a perfect knowledge it is of God.

But whatsoever thing persuadeth men to do evil, and believe not in Christ, and deny him, and serve not God, then ye may know with a perfect knowledge it is of the devil, for after this manner doth the devil work, for he persuadeth no man to do good, no not one; neither doth his angels; neither do they who subject themselves unto him.

These words of Mormon ought to be remembered by all the Latter-day Saints, and especially by the youth of Zion.

At the present time unbelief is increasing among the children of men. Faith in God and in His word is decreasing. The effects of this are felt here. We are surrounded by these influences. A large number of the books that are printed are filled with this spirit of doubt; and if children are not careful they will fall into the habit of doubting and indulging in unbelief concerning God and His works. When once doubt gets place in

the heart and is allowed to lodge there, it brings to its aid other influences that are hurtful. It grows until the Spirit of God is grieved and takes its departure, and the spirit of the evil one takes entire possession. The condition of a person who becomes possessed of this spirit is dreadful.

The proper course for us to take is to resist doubt and evil of every kind, and to cherish faith and to seek earnestly for the fruits which it brings, which are the fruits of righteousness. As the world increases in unbelief, the Latter-day Saints should grow in faith. We must become a people who shall have mighty faith and great power with God, or the words of the Lord concerning us would not be fulfilled. The time must come when Satan will not have power over the hearts of the children of men, when they will be above his temptations and influences; and the Latter-day Saints are the people who shall accomplish this. It will be through the righteousness of the Saints that Satan will lose his power over the hearts of the children of men. The wicked will grow worse and worse, and calamities will fall upon them, and they will be destroyed. In this way Satan's power will be weakened in the earth. His dominion will grow less and less, while the kingdom of God will grow and increase until it fills the whole earth.

It therefore depends upon the Latter-day Saints, and upon their children, who ought to grow up a stronger, a mightier and a more righteous generation than their fathers. Each succeeding generation should excel the generation that precedes it in everything pertaining to godliness. In this manner the power of God will increase until Jesus will come and reign over the Saints and accomplish all that He has promised.

It is when our budding hopes are nipped beyond recovery by some rough wind, that we are the most disposed to picture to ourselves what flowers they might have borne, if they had flourished.

MY VISIT TO EASTERN LANDS.

IN COMMUNICATING a sketch of the eastern lands with pen and pencil, we shall not dwell on their past history, generally so well known to both readers of sacred and profane writings, but will prefer to treat them in the light of their strange customs of today. With this in view, we may first take a simple glance at the Ottoman Empire as being, as we shall see, the cause of much misery to these lands.

The government of nations, looked at primitively, has in aim the forming of society: no society, in whatsoever state we may turn our attention, can exist without government of some kind. The nearer perfection, then, that a government is, the nearer perfect its people will be in both moral and financial advancement.

As favorable to financial prosperity, it rightfully may be argued that physical location together with population are the main points to be considered. Poor lands thickly inhabited ought not to be, according to theory, so prosperous as rich lands sparsely inhabited. Looking at the question minus the government or society of a people, this is perfectly in harmony with natural laws; but bad government will most invariably change the rule.

In support of the latter, we may look at some of the most progressive nations of these days, and compare their present state with primeval existence. When their society was savage, their advancements were at a corresponding ratio; and, so on, we may likewise mark their progress, morally and financially, with their growth in better government. By way of bringing us nearer our subject, we may take another example: contrast a thickly populated country of Western Europe, say Holland for instance, with the sparsely inhabited Ottoman Empire. In the former we find poor lands, geographically speaking, and the country over populated and yet prosperity reigns; in the latter the reverse of things exist, even to poverty and misery.

Interest on money in Holland is at times as low as 2 per cent., at a premium; in Turkey, 6 per cent., at enormous discounts. And these sad differences result from government; no people can prosper under a foul government. Much of the proverbial indolence of Orientals may be ascribed to the same cause. Insecurity of property in industrial enterprises, naturally cause lethargy and stagnation, or rather undevelopment of business.

The subject of our sketch is one of the thousands of strongly-built poor men who have left their country homes—the greater part in Asia Minor—and seek employment in the large towns and seaports. In their simple avocations at home—generally rearing of flocks and farming—they were oft subject to raids of brigands, who carried off their gains of both grain and flocks. The Turks, as governors, tax them of a tenth of all increase, but give but little redress for lawlessness suffered. Tired of such life, and for other causes, they, as stated, have left homes in the country to try their luck among better society. Thousands swarm the streets of Constantinople, from whence I now write, and are to this city what wagons and horses are to others. A man of this class is known as a *Hamall*, which signifies a carrier of burdens in the Turkish language; it also carries with it a sense of disrespect, any other person feels highly insulted if so called.

Being the poor and illiterate, the *Hamall* finds none to associate with outside of his own class, and they commonly band together in large numbers. On holidays they dance with each other in a most peculiar way, and each night they wile the moments away at some simple, dingy *cafe*, made most unbearably suffocating with tobacco fumes. When dancing, they will commonly continue their odd step for an hour or more at a time. On a warm summer day it seems very laborious, but the *Hamall* terms it play.

Compared with their daily toil, their dance at worst may well be called play, as the burdens they carry are at times astonishingly large. It is majestic, though it moves one

with pity, to see six or eight of these stalwart men walk off with a burden of a ton or more. Such a sight is quite common; they carry it by means of strong poles made of hard wood.

For single service, each is supplied with a

The dress of a *Hamall* is simple and strange; they generally all dress alike. The oddest part is their pantaloons, which are short, scarcely covering their knees, and so ample that they resemble in pattern a large-



HAMALL.

sort of pack-saddle as employed by the coal-carrier in the picture, by which means he walks off with burdens large enough for a horse.

sized sack with holes in the corners for the legs to protrude. They wear a moccasin-like shoe, which fits the foot neatly; a wooden, high-heeled shoe is much out of place for

their work. They wrap a long, woolen band about the waist, in which is carried a knife, smoking outfit and other trinkets,—it serves as pockets. The head-dress is the comfortless *fez* of these lands, without brim, and around which they bind a cheap kerchief.

The life of the *Hamall* presents no bright sides to us; of the many with whom I have conversed, the common answer is that they seldom average more than five *piastres* (about twenty-five cents) a day, at best. As they labor like a job wagon, their wages, of course, vary. When one wants to hire one of these poor men, he is at once surrounded by an eager, jostling crowd, bidding each other down for the job. A mere look will at times arouse a crowd of them with the expectation of being employed.

Not a few are married men, whose families they have left in their country. These are visited once in three or four years, according to the luck of the providers. During the time of absence but few letters are sent, as writing is an art foreign to a *Hamall's* accomplishments. When a letter is written they, like the Turkish ladies, must have recourse to a letter-writer, for which work not a few men find employment about the mosques and post-office. Much might be said of the *Hamall's* barber-shops, shoe-makers, eating stands, etc., but space will not permit.

James Clove.

SILENCING THE DONKEY.

I HAVE no doubt that the donkey believes himself, when braying, to be executing a vocal solo to the highest excellence, and that, according to the poet, "He sings both loud and clear."

As some of my readers may be incapable of appreciating the song, I will mention a device whereby the Turks induce the too vocal donkey to be silent against his will. Just as, before a cock crows, he finds it necessary to stretch out his neck to the utmost, so the don-

key feels himself compelled to begin his performance by holding his nose in the air and his tail parallel with his spine.

When, therefore, a Turk wishes to silence his donkey, he ties a tolerably heavy stone to the end of the animal's tail, and departs with an easy mind. When the donkey feels inclined to bray, and begins the usual preliminaries, he finds himself debarred from placing the tail at the requisite angle, and in consequence is unable to do justice to the bravura with which he was purposing to favor the world. So he postpones his song for a future opportunity, and peace falls upon the neighborhood.—*Ex.*

A NOBLE BOY.

WHILE the company of which I was a member was encamped at Winter Quarters after the Saints were driven from Nauvoo, we saw many trying times, for many families or parts of families were sick or just recovering from their weakness, with little to help in the way of comforts or suitable food. A thin tent or the wagons standing around furnished the only shelter some had. The former was the condition of our family, but the weather had become more favorable at the time of which I write, the rain which for some time previous had made things anything but pleasant, having ceased.

One evening as I was just recovering from the usual chills and fever, I was standing in the moonlight by the tent door looking at the objects around and, of course, thinking of the situation, when I heard something moving along in the shade behind me coming toward where I stood. I turned and saw a little boy about ten or eleven years of age dressed in a pair of thin trousers and a shirt, the sleeves of which were hanging in rags, so the bones of his arms looked as though they were covered with nothing but skin. The little fellow was then recovering from a sad time of sickness caused by want and exposure, and was

just where good food was necessary to build him up, but he had it not. Feeling hungry, however, and finding a bone which looked like the shank bone of a beef left by some part of the family with but very little meat on it, he was then using his teeth to get what there was possible from it. Poor little boy! he was so weak he could scarcely stand.

I felt sad at the pitiful sight, knowing that he with his family were at that time the victims of worse than robbery, for on leaving Nauvoo with the intention of joining the company of Saints then leaving, and hoping to get on a little ahead, having better means than many, they were misdirected by a false brother, with another of his sort, by a message said to be dictated by President Young. Not suspecting the deceit they went as advised, and thus came with their available property into the power of these bad men, and not only lost all their means, but were a great distance out of the proper way. Help had to be sent to enable the family to rejoin the company, which they did in a nearly starved condition. Still they were thankful to be among their friends again.

Just as this family reached Winter Quarters some of their former non-believing friends and relations, feeling that this move from the city of the Saints would be enough to make them ready to return to the comforts and luxuries of eastern life, sent means of conveyance and money to induce them to return to their former home and society. Knowing this to be the case, and seeing the poor boy in the condition I have named, I looked at him a few moments, and then said, "Henry, you seem to be in a sad plight. Would you not like to go, as you are now sent for, with your parents, brothers and sisters to the beautiful home you left to come here, and again enjoy the good things you had there?"

I shall never forget how he looked, the hectic flush of pain in his cheeks and the glance of his hollow eyes; he looked at me, and, weak as he was, put his foot down with as firm a tread as he could command without falling, and replied, "NO, NO, I will not go

back. I am a Mormon boy. *I will not go back!*"

I have not seen this little hero for years, though the last time I heard of him he was living in Davis County of this Territory, and had a nice family. He may see this, and if so, he will perhaps remember the incident. The faith and determination he exhibited may help the faith of others in the great work of these last days.

Sarah G. Richards.

A SAD EXPERIENCE.

GEORGE and Alice Raymor were orphans. Their mother's death left them not only homeless but penniless, for during her long last sickness, the poor woman had been obliged to use the little that remained of her late husband's property.

Alice had found a home with a distant relative of her mother's, while George went to live with old Peter Prentice, who grudgingly gave him his board and clothes for his labor.

Light of heart as young people usually are, neither of the orphans had known what real happiness was since their mother died. Alice had plenty of food and was warmly clad, but Mrs. Hilton was petulant and exacting, and the little girl sadly missed the society of her brother. She often went alone to the churchyard, and wept bitter tears over her mother's grave.

A year after the mother's death, Mr. Prentice suddenly died, and George was forced to seek an asylum elsewhere. He was then a little past fourteen, and a strong, active youth for his years. But it was no easy matter for him to find another home, for times were hard and money scarce. Factories and machine-shops were stopping, or running only "half-time," and hundreds of men were idle.

For two days George wandered about in a fruitless search for work. He was ready to do anything that would give him an honest living; but beyond two or three half-hour

jobs, he could find nothing. The little money he had had was all gone. Hungry, tired, and discouraged, he sat down by the roadside to think which way he should go next.

Just then Harry Gordon, one of his friends came along, and seeing George sitting there, cried out :

"Hello, George ! what's happened ? You look sober today."

"I wish something would happen," George replied. "I haven't a cent of money nor a place to lay my head, and I can't get work anywhere."

"Not a cheering prospect, I admit," said Harry. "But don't get discouraged ; better times will come. Anyhow, I want you to go home with me to dinner."

"I'm on my way to Mrs. Hilton's to see Alice. She's expecting me today, and I must see her. But I thank you for the invitation."

Harry had hardly passed from sight when a well-dressed man, who had walked slowly by as they were talking, turned and retraced his steps.

"Didn't I hear you say," he inquired, "that you were in search of work?"

"Yes sir," George replied quickly.

"What can you do ? What have you been doing?"

"I have worked on a farm for a year ; but I think I could turn my hand to most anything."

"Your looks are in your favor certainly," said the man. "What is your name?"

"George Raymor."

"Have you parents living?"

"No sir."

"Any friends to whom you can look for assistance?"

"No friend in the world to whom I feel at liberty to go, now that I am out of work, save my sister Alice."

"Have you brothers?"

"No sir."

"Very well, I am in want of a bright, active boy, and I think you and I can strike a bargain."

George's face sparkled with pleasure.

"I travel a good deal," said the man. "My business is on the different railroads. I have passes which will take me all over the United States, and"—Here he paused as if he found some difficulty in making his precise wants known. "Well," he concluded, abruptly, "if you will work for me, I will give you two dollars a day and all expenses paid."

"But what am I to do?" inquired George.

"My business is a very lucrative one, but it is not my way to explain beforehand just what I do. You must learn first that it is well to know how to keep a *close mouth*. I shall expect that you will neither ask nor answer questions if I employ you. All you are to do is to be ready to take the express train with me tomorrow, and whenever the cars are about to stop, you must follow certain passengers, whom I shall point out, and, getting in front of them, stand in their way a moment as they are leaving the car."

"Its a queer kind of work you offer me—stopping passengers," answered George with a smile.

There was a moment of silence. George looked at the man, wondering if he were not jesting, or, perhaps, a little disordered in his mind ; but his eye had a cool, bold gaze, and his manner was quiet and self-possessed. Evidently he knew what he was about, and meant what he said.

"You may do as you please about accepting my offer," the stranger next said. "It's a good chance for a poor boy—two dollars a day cash down for every trip, and light work at that."

"I'll make a trial of it anyway !" exclaimed George impulsively. "When shall I begin?"

"Tomorrow morning. You can meet me at Fairfield Station for the nine o'clock train east. My name is Joshua Freler. I am a man of capital and influence. If you are faithful, and bright, and discreet, you shall be advanced in position in the business, and then you will make any amount of money.

"Please, sir, what is the business? You haven't told me yet."

"I have told you what *your* business is. Mine is no concern of yours. Only do what I order you without questions. Good-morning."

He walked slowly away, and George pursued his own course to Mrs. Hilton's with a fleet step.

"Oh, Alice," he cried, "I've got a splendid chance!" And he told her of all that had passed between him and Mr. Freler.

Alice looked puzzled. Though only ten years old, she had a thoughtful little head.

"I don't see," said she, "why a man should hire you to stop passengers."

"Neither do I," George replied; "but he says he travels free on most of the railroads in the country, and that he is a man of capital and influence. Anyhow, this looks like a streak of luck, and I'm going to try it. What if I should make my fortune? Then I could send you to a nice school, and you should have fine clothes and live like a lady."

The next morning George was at Fairfield Station at the hour named. Mr. Freler was there, and appeared delighted to see him.

"I want you to get into the middle car," said he in a low tone, "and take a seat quite a distance from me. Don't look at me nor speak to me, unless I speak to you. I shall call you *Sam* not George, remember. When the people get out at the next station, stand before the ones I shall show you. Stand till I tell you to go on."

George listened wonderingly. Why should Mr. Freler address him as Sam instead of by his own name? It was very strange indeed.

The express train soon appeared, and stopped when it came up. Mr. Freler and George took the middle car, George sitting down near the door, several seats from his employer.

In a few minutes Mr. Freler walked carelessly through the cars, glancing at the passengers. Half an hour brought them to Pipersville, an important manufacturing town,

and the train stopped. A dozen or more of the passengers started for the door.

Mr. Freler had managed to be near George, and now said, in a rapid whisper, "The woman in black and the large man with valise and umbrella."

George obeyed directions. He stepped before the lady dressed in black and stood still.

Mr. Freler was close by. There was a moment's delay, and then he said, in a tone of authority, "Sam, let the lady pass out. What do you block up the way for?"

George moved a little to the right, and the lady left the car. Just behind her came a fine-looking man, carrying a valise and umbrella. George stationed himself in front of him, too, and Mr. Freler contrived to slip quietly behind him. Placing his hand on the gentleman's shoulder, he suddenly seemed to recognize an old friend.

"Why, Ralph Wilson, how do you do?" he said.

"You mistake, sir. My name is not Wilson. I am Horace Adams," in a pleasant but dignified tone.

"Beg your pardon, sir," returned Mr. Freler; "I thought you were a friend of mine. Very striking resemblance indeed."

By this time Mr. Adams' attention was attracted to George, who was standing in his way. Mr. Freler saw this, and, making a quick movement of his hand between the gentleman and George, as if to push the latter forward, he called out,—

"Boy, go on! What business have you to keep people back? Get off the train at once!"

George leaped from the car, followed by Mr. Freler, the gentleman, and several other passengers. Freler took no notice of him, and walked rapidly away down an unfrequented street. George looked after him in surprise, puzzled to know what he ought to do next. He stood thus till the train moved away, when he started off down the same street his employer had gone, but did not overtake him till he was fully a mile out of

town. Then he found him walking very slowly, as if waiting for him to come up.

"You have obeyed orders very well," said he. "I think you're the boy I shall want, and I don't mind advancing you something on your pay." And he handed him a ten-dollar bill.

George took the money reluctantly, and with some surprise. The singular movements of the man aroused his suspicions. He could not see that either Mr. Freler or himself had *earned* any money, and he did not know what to think of the business they were engaged in.

"Meet me at Pott's Crossing tomorrow in time for the eight o'clock express," said Mr. Freler, "and do just as you did today. You had better walk over to Amsterdam now, and stop at Mrs. Slinn's boarding-house over night." And with that, Mr. Freler gave him another dollar and bade him good-day.

A walk of three-quarters of an hour brought our hero to the boarding-house. He ate a hearty dinner, and then began to wonder what he should do with his spare time. His mind was still troubled about his engagement with Mr. Freler. Why could not the man have been more frank with him? Why was he so generous when he had apparently done so little to excite his generosity? And why should he not put up at the same place with himself? An hour or more passed, and he had decided to go out and walk about and look at the town, when a man came in and stared at him very sharply.

George remembered the man as a fellow-passenger on the train that morning. In a minute or two, the man went out, but at once returned with two others, one of whom was Mr. Adams. The third man was evidently an officer, who went directly up to George and laid a hand on his shoulder. "You are arrested," said he: "you must come with me."

"What have I done, sir?" asked George, turning very pale.

"Pickpockets usually know what they are arrested for. You are one of Williams' accomplices.

"I know no such person," returned George.

"Perhaps not. The gentleman has a good many names. You were seen today with Henry Williams, *alias* Harry Morehouse, *alias* Joshua Freler.

Then George comprehended the situation. He had been made the tool of an infamous scoundrel,—had even helped him, he had no doubt, now, to commit a robbery. His heart sank, and he had hardly strength to stand when the officer led him away. A search of his pockets brought to light the ten-dollar bill. Miss Morey, the woman in black, had lost nearly a hundred dollars while getting off the train that morning. It was all in bills,—mostly new,—issued by a certain bank, and she remembered that there was but one ten among them,—the rest being twenties, twos and ones. The note found in George's pocket answered the description.

Being fully identified as an accomplice of the noted pickpocket, the unhappy boy was at once taken to the county jail and locked up to await his trial, which, as the court was then in session should come on in a few days.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

FROM MOSCOW TO SIBERIA.

IN THE northern division of Moscow, almost at the end of the long Dolgorukow street and not far from the Brest-Smolensker railway station, stands a large, massive building, whose red walls broken by towers rise sharply above the neighboring residences. It is the Central prison in which such as are condemned to hard labor in the mines or to banishment in Siberia await transportation to their destination.

Day after day prison transports arrive here, as all those in European Russia sentenced to Siberian exile are brought hither in order to go in troops on a journey of many weeks' duration to the distant east in the spring. The prison is generally more than full, for during the year it furnishes a temporary shelter for about forty-five thousand persons, and

only by the most exemplary arrangement and cautious government is it possible to control such a mass without the exhibition of disturbances. The number of prison officials is astonishingly small in comparison with the multitude of prisoners. A mere handful of men suffices to hold in check thousands of wild, ferocious associates, but this is not done by means of rigid rules but rather by a friendly, humane course. The ordinary Russian is rough and unrefined, but good-natured and very susceptible to kind words, and in passing through the prison one can readily see how an occasional joke of the warden will assist him wonderfully in the carrying out of his commands.

There being in many places very incorrect ideas concerning Russian prisoners, it may not be considered tedious to describe one in all its details.

There enters just now in the yard a new train of prisoners. With handcuffs they are chained in pairs, and every six pairs are also bound together by a chain which runs between them. Men head the train followed by the female prisoners, after which come the wives and children who of their own free will accompany their condemned husbands and fathers into banishment. Ending the mournful train a wagon rolls into the yard on which are piled the poor possessions of the exiles, and then the prison doors are again closed.

Once herein the prisoners are released from their chains and handcuffs. A few moments time is allowed them in which to refresh themselves and to renew by rubbing the circulation of the blood which the chains have checked. Then follows the roll call. As the names are called every person undergoes a thorough inspection to see that from his prison garb nothing is missing.

All wear pantaloons and frocks of coarse linen and on the head, the half of which is shaved smooth, a cap. The inspection of the clothing is followed by a most critical examination of the whole body in order to preclude the possibility of concealing a knife or a cord with which the prisoner could end his life, and

to prevent the smuggling in the jail of a file or anything similar. Such things are taken, as well as any money which may be discovered, but for the latter the victim is given a receipt upon which he can draw to the amount of a rubel. Money which the exiles have begged on the road, or which their relatives have slipped into their hands, they seek by every possible means to conceal from the eyes of the officers, but all their cunning is in vain. With skillful look the guard discovers between the soles of the shoe the concealed five rubel note; he fails not to notice that here is a boot heel which hollowed out conceals a small pipe and some leaves of tobacco; he touches the repaired place in the frock, and the piece used for patching arouses his suspicion; a slit with his knife and behold tobacco falls out. The prisoners are inexhaustible in the discovery of new places of concealment for the forbidden articles, hiding them in the ear, mouth, armpit, etc., but the officials understand all these tricks, and one prisoner follows another into the interior of the prison house robbed of all his treasure.

Long corridors enclosed by iron grating extend the whole length of the building, and on either side open into the hallway the doors of the strongly-constructed cells in which a small opening permits a view, even at night, of all that occurs in the room. There are cells which will contain twenty and some even have held eighty prisoners. The Jews are locked in special cells, probably because of the well-known uncleanness of the Russian Jews. Besides these there are single cells for such as enjoy a little better care than the common mass because of the intercession of influential friends. The cells contain nothing but wooden benches on which the prisoners sleep. An occupation for the condemned is not yet introduced, notwithstanding many must await here for several months their further journey. They lie lazily on benches the whole day and gaze at the ceiling, or listen to the narrations of a suffering companion which contain startling incidents from his wicked career. In the female division everything is

livelier. There glitters between the green prison garb of the criminals the gaudy clothing of the peasants' wives who willingly follow their husbands, and among the unchaste speech and rough jokes of the corrupt females may be heard the merry laugh of innocent children and the cry of nursing infants. It is a peculiar, thrilling scene: by the side of a countenance the features of which are stamped with crime to see the friendly, laughing face of a guileless child.

At special hours of the day while the cells are being cleaned and aired, the prisoners are permitted to exercise themselves in the open air. In this prison yard, however, no shade tree nor green turf gladdens the eye; bare walls with iron-grated windows surround the occupants.

In one of the yards stands the so-called Pugatschew Tower, in which it is said the audacious rebel of this name, who asserted he was Peter III., was incarcerated before his execution. The prisoners view this tower with special horror, not because of the remembrance of this prisoner, however, but on account of the dungeons which its massive walls conceal. These are windowless and only sufficiently long to permit a person to lie down, and about three feet wide. Here those prisoners are confined who disregard any of the prison rules, and they are thus left for several days to subsist upon bread and water. Three days' confinement in one of these cells causes the unfortunate when released to stagger to and fro like a drunken man, and compels the closing of the eyes for several hours until they become again accustomed to the light. The officials are not often under the necessity of making use of this much-feared punishment, in fact it is seldom that any kind of infliction is essential. A castigation with the knout is the most common punishment, and this occurs during the year only about fifty times—certainly not often among forty-five thousand prisoners.

Resistance to the officers occurs mostly when the prisoner is to have the chains riveted to his ankles, or when the half of his

head is shaved according to the prison rules. The culprit sits on the ground by a small anvil when the iron shackles are made to encircle the limb above the ankle and the ends are firmly fastened by the smith. The slightest movement of the limb may result in its being struck and crushed, as the fetters are made as small as they can possibly be worn. Every chance of escape is carefully guarded against, and yet this is sometimes attained. It is said of a certain Lapunow, who for the murder of his sergeant, was sentenced to twenty years' hard labor, that he could contract his heels in such a manner as to be able to withdraw his feet from the most narrow shackles just as he would a small boot. It being his habit, however, to remove them on retiring and again attach them in the morning he was not disturbed; but Lapunow rewarded this indulgence by vanishing during his transportation.

The shackling of the convicts is followed by the far more unpleasant shaving of the head: the smith withdraws and the barber takes his place. The officials state that even criminals who have murdered several victims in cold blood fairly tremble at the sight of the razor which is to be used in their disfigurement. The prisoner commences to plead, vows everything possible if they will only relieve him of this ordeal, and resists as long as he is able. The soldiers finally force him into a chair, one holds his head, others his hands and feet, and all give sharp attention that he does not tear himself loose and get possession of the razor. The barber, in the meantime, proceeds quickly to his work: in a moment the head is lathered and five minutes later the half of the head is shaved clean. It often happens that a fierce struggle ensues between the soldiers and the prisoner, and only when the latter is bound hand and foot with cords can the barber perform his work. The political prisoners occupy a special tower in the central prison. The two lower stories are assigned to the men and the upper to the women—the gentler sex furnishing, as is well known, no small proportion of the

host of political offenders. Iron stairs connect the different floors. From the corridor where a guard is stationed can be seen all that transpires in the cells through small openings in the doors. The cells are four paces long and three broad. There being in each an iron bed, a table, stool and closet, the space is very limited, but the bed can be swung against the wall and fastened by means of a chain, whereby more room is gained for moving about. Mental occupation is here not forbidden, and paper, ink, pens and good books are furnished on application.

H. Roskoschuy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FARMER BELL.

FARMER BELL did not believe in mental or moral sugar-plums in his own family circle. He was quite willing to commend friend or acquaintance, but he had a theory that *his own family* would be best improved by a Spartan discipline. The children must learn to do their duty without praise, and as for his wife, she had toiled for fifteen years without having once been told that she was a satisfactory housekeeper.

One night the two came home from a tea party at a neighbor's house, and Mrs. Bell, with the courage of the meek, said :

"Ezra, seems to me I heard you praisin' the mottoes the Smith girls worked?"

"Yes, I did," said Mr. Bell. "Real pretty they were for such nonsense."

"Your own girls have made some just like 'em. You'd better praise them. It'll tickle 'em to death. And didn't I hear you say that squash pie for supper was powerful nice?"

"Well, Miranda, 'twas a good pie."

"Was it a mite better'n mine, Ezra?"

"Well, no, I can't say as 'twas."

"When have you ever said one word to praise a pie or cake I've set afore you?"

"Maybe I aint praised ye much Miranda, but then I aint complained."

"Yes, you have," said Miranda. "Yes

you have! Sayin' nothin's complainin', sometimes. It's jest like pushin' a heavy load up hill, besides what ye have agreed to carry, to go along day after day an' not hear a word o' praise.

Ezra began to think and, although he by no means changed his spots entirely, he did from that time try to act on the theory that "women folks" are fond of commendation.

A STORY OF CONGRESSMAN REED.

REED stood one day in front of the Hamilton house, on Fourteenth street, where he lives. There is a hill there, not steep, but sometimes slippery. A colored man was urging a horse attached to a heavily loaded wagon. Twice the animal slipped and fell, and the driver beat the beast with his whip. Presently Reed stepped forward. In that sharp, twangy voice so often heard and generally feared in the House he commanded the negro to desist. The man again raised his whip, when Reed's big arm swung out and caught the driver's wrist in a strong grasp. Reed held him thus as in a vise for one full minute, pouring out such a flood of reproof as that colored man had never before heard. The man winced, wilted. He was mastered, physically and morally. And the end of the incident was a drawing of the wagon to one side of the street, Reed assisting the driver therein, and a sending of the poor horse away to the blacksmith to have new shoes put on his old feet.—*Ex.*

ARISE.

ARISE! for the day is passing
While you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are cased in armor,
And forth to fight are gone;
Your place in the ranks awaits you;
Each man has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern today.

JUST WHEN THOU WILT.

Words by F. R. HAVEREAL.

Music by S. MCBURNEY.

Just as thou wilt O Sa - vior call Or at the noon or ev'n - ing fall.

Or in the dark or in the light Just when thou wilt—it must be right.

Just when Thou wilt, O Savior come,
Take me to rest in Thy bright home,
Or when the snows have crowned my head,
Or e'er it hath one silver thread.

Just when Thou wilt, O Bridegroom, say:
Rise up my love, I come away,

Open for me the golden gate
Just when Thou wilt, or soon, or late.

Just when 'Thou wilt, Thy time is best,
Thou shalt appoint my hour of rest,
Marked by the sun of perfect love,
Shining unchangeable above.

A GOOD HUSBAND.

WHEN Theodore Parker was married, he entered in his journal, on his wedding day, the following resolutions:

First, never, except for the best of reasons, to oppose my wife's will.

Second, to discharge all duties for her sake freely.

Third, never to scold.

Fourth, never to look cross at her.

Fifth, never to weary her with commands.

Sixth, to promote her piety.

Seventh, to bear her burdens.

Eighth, to overlook her follies.

Ninth, to save, cherish, and forever defend her.

Tenth, to remember her always most affectionately in my prayers. Thus, God willing, we shall be blessed.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

WIDE is the gate and broad the way
That leadeth unto death and sin;

Protect us, Father, night and day
Lest, thither lured, we venture in.

Oh, may we make the Lord our friend,
And choose the narrow path made plain,
And live for light to comprehend
How we may life eternal gain.

Lord, grant us grace that we may cling
With ardor to the Iron Rod;
And should the effort suffering bring,
Still give us strength to honor God.

Rock of our refuge, hallowed be
Thy holy name, Thine arm is sure;
From time to all eternity
Who trust in Thee may rest secure.

Our bosom friends may turn aside
And scorn the paths of truth and right;
The wicked virtue may deride
And blackness lend to error's night.

But Thou, O God, art still the same;
Changeless Thy laws, boundless Thy love;
All truth is written on Thy name,
All power in earth or heaven above.

J. C.

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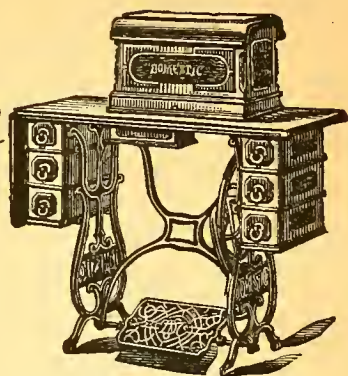
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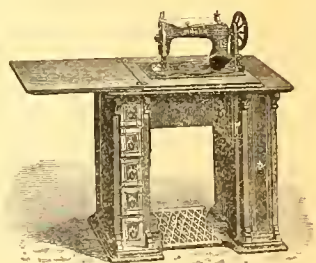
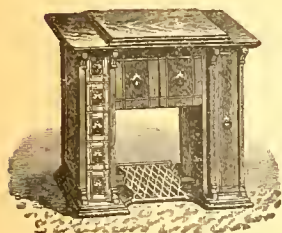
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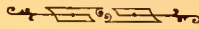
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iv. No one person allowed to offer in competition more than one article for each class.

v. Each article to be signed with a *nom de plume*, accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the real name and address of the author inside, and the *nom de plume* outside.

vi. Each competitor to write the names of three persons residing in Salt Lake City, whom he or she would like to act as judges of the pieces. From the persons thus named will be selected the parties to award the prizes. (This rule is not imperative.)

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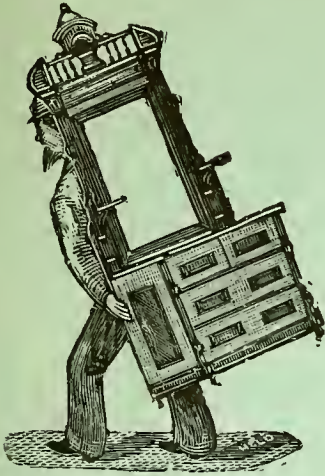
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